

Full proof [1760] [1790]
THOMAS AND SALLY.

OR,

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

IN TWO ACTS.

WRITTEN BY

MR. BICKERSTAFF.

TAKEN FROM —

THE MANAGER'S BOOK,

AT THE

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

L O N D O N:

Printed for R. BUTTERS, No. 79, Fleet-street; and sold by all the
Booksellers in Town and Country.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

MEN.

Thomas,	- - - -	Mr. Bannister
Squire,	- - - -	Mr. Davies

WOMEN.

Sally,	- - - -	Mrs. Billington
Dorcas,	- - - -	Mrs. Pitt,

SCENE, the Country.

A C T I.

SCENE, *a village at the foot of a hill, with a cottage more advanced than the rest, on one side. Sally discovered spinning at the door.*

Sal. **M**Y time how happy once and gay!
 Oh, blythe I was as blythe could be;
 But now I'm sad, ah, well-a-day!
 For my true love is gone to sea.
 The lads pursue, I strive to shun,
 Though all their arts are lost on me;
 For I can never love but one,
 And he, alas! is gone to sea.
 They bid me to the wake, the fair,
 To dances on the neighb'ring lee;
 But how can I in pleasure share,
 While my true love is out at sea?
 The flowers droop till light's return,
 The pigeon mourns its absent she;
 So will I droop, so will I mourn,
 Till my true love comes back from sea.

Enter Dorcas.

Dor. What, will you never quit this idle trade?
 Still, still in tears?—Ah, you're a foolish maid!
 In time have prudence, your own interest see;
 Youth lasts not always; be advis'd by me.
 That May-day of life is for pleasure,
 For singing, for dancing, and show;
 Then why will you waste such a treasure,
 In sighing, and crying—heigh-ho!
 Let's copy the bird in the meadows,
 By her's tune your pipe when 'tis low;
 Fly round, and coquet as she does,
 And never sit crying—heigh-ho!
 Though when in the arms of a lover,
 It sometimes may happen I know,

That, 'ere all our toying is over,
We cannot help crying—heigh-ho !

In age ev'ry one a new part takes,
I find to my sorrow 'tis so :

When old you may cry till your heart aches,
But no one will mind you—heigh-ho !

Sal. Leave me.—

Dor. Go to—I come to make you glad ;
Odzooks, what's here ? This folly sets me mad.
You're grieving, and for whom ?—'tis pretty sport—
For one that gets a wife at ev'ry port !

Sal. Dorcas, for shame ! how can you be so base,
Or after this look Thomas in the face ?
His ship's expected—

Dor. Tell not me—The Squire—
As Tom is your's, you are his heart's desire—
Then why so peevish, and so froward still ?
He'll make your fortune—let him have his will.

Sal. Were I as poor as wretch can be,
As great as any monarch he ;
'Ere on such terms I'd mount his throne,
I'd work my fingers to the bone.

Grant me, ye pow'rs ! I ask not wealth ;
Grant me but innocence and health.
Ah, what is grandeur link'd to vice ?
'Tis only virtue gives it price.

[*Exit.*

Dor. Well, go your ways—I cannot choose but smile.
Would I were young again—alas, the while !
But what are wishes ?—wishes will not do :
One cannot eat one's cake, and have it too.
When I was a young one, what girl was like me ?
So wanton, so airy, so brisk as a bee :
I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where'er
A fiddle was heard, to be sure I was there.

To all that came near I had something to say :
'Twas this, Sir—and that, Sir,—But scarce ever nay.
And Sundays, dress'd out in my silks and my lace,
I warrant I stood by the best in the place.

At twenty I got me a husband—poor man ?
Well, rest him, we all are as good as we can :

Yet

Yet he was so peevish, he'd quarrel for straws ;
 And jealous—tho' truly I gave him some cause.
 He snubb'd me, and huff'd me—but let me alone ;
 'Egad, I've a tongue—and I paid him his own.
 Ye wives, take the hint, and when spouse is untow'rd,
 Stand firm to our charter—and have the last word.
 But now I'm quite alter'd—the more to my woe ;
 I'm not what I was forty summers ago :
 'This Time's a fore foe, there's no shunning his dart ;
 However, I keep up a pretty good heart.
 Grown old, yet I hate to be sitting mum-chance ;
 I still love a tune, tho' unable to dance ;
 And books of devotion laid by on my shelf,
 I teach that to others I once did myself. [Exit,

SCENE, *The Squire descending the hill with huntsmen.*

Sq. Hark, hark ! the shrill horn calls the sportsman
 To horse, my brave boys, and away ; [abroad ;
 The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
 Upbraids our too tedious delay.
 What pleasure we feel in pursuing the fox !
 O'er hill and o'er valley he flies ;
 Then follow, we'll soon overtake him—Huzza !
 The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
 Like Bacchannals, shouting and gay ;
 How sweet with a bottle and lass to refresh,
 And lose the fatigues of the day !
 With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy ;
 Dull wisdom all happiness sours :
 Since life is no more than a passage at best,
 Let's strew the way over with flow'rs. [Exeunt.

SCENE, *The Squire, returning after the huntsmen are gone off, knocks at Sally's door, who comes out of the cottage.*

Sal. Ah, whither have my heedless steps betray'd ?

Sq. Where would you fly ? of whom are you afraid ?
 Here's neither spectre, ghost, nor goblin nigh ;
 Nor any one—but Cupid, you, and I.

Sal. Unlucky !——

Sq. S'death ! she sets me all on fire :
 Bewitching girl ! I languish with desire.

6 THOMAS AND SALLY ; OR, T

But wherefore do you shrink, and trembling stand,
So coy, so silly? ———

Sal. Pray, Sir, loose my hand.

Sq. When late I wander'd o'er the plain,
From nymph to nymph, I strove in vain

My wild desires to rally :

But now they're of themselves come home,
And strange ! no longer seek to roam ;

They centre all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one, damps my joy,

And cries I court but to destroy :

Can love with ruin tally ?

By those dear lips, those eyes, I swear,

I would all deaths, all torments bear,

Rather than injure Sally.

Come then, oh come, thou sweeter far

Than jessamine and roses are,

Or lilics of the valley :

O follow Love, and quit your fear ;

He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,

And make me blest in Sally.

Sal. Sir, you demean yourself ; and to be free,

Some lady you should choose of fit degree :

I am too low, too vulgar——

Sq. —Rather say,

There's some more favour'd rival in the way :

Some happy sweetheart in your thoughts take place ;

For him you keep your favours ; that's the case.

Sal. Well, if it be, 'tis neither shame nor sin ;

An honest lad he is, of honest kin :

No higher than my equal I pretend, —

You have your answer, Sir ; and there's an end.

Sq. Come, come, my dear girl, I must not be deny'd ;

Fine cloaths you shall flash in, and rant it away :

I'll give you this purse too ; and, hark you beside,

We'll kiss and we'll toy all the long summer's-day.

Sal. Of kissing and toying you soon would be tir'd ;

Oh, should hapless Sally consent to be naught !

Besides, Sir, believe me, I scorn to be hir'd ;

The heart's not worth gaining which is to be bought.

Sq.

Sq. Perhaps you're afraid of the world's busy tongue :
 But know, above scandal you then shall be put ;
 And laugh as you roll in your chariot along,
 At draggle-tail Chastity walking a foot.

Sal. If only through fear of the world I was shy,
 My coyness and modesty were but ill shown ;
 It's pardon were easy with money to buy ;
 But how, tell me how, I should purchase my own.

Sq. Leave morals to grey-beards ; those lips were
 For better employment—— [design'd

Sal. —I will not endure——

Sq. Oh fie, child ; Love bids you be rich and be kind :

Sal. But virtue commands me—Be honest and poor.

ACT II. SCENE, *the Sea side.*

Thomas with Sailors, enters in a boat, from which they land.

Tho. **A** VAST, my boys, a vast ; all hands ashore :
 Messmates, what cheer ? Old England, hey !
 once more.

I'm thinking how the wenches will rejoice ;
 Out with your presents, boys, and take your choice.
 I've an old sweetheart—but look, there's the town ;
 Weigh anchor, tack about, and let's bear down.

How happy is the sailor's life,

From coast to coast to roam ;

In ev'ry port he finds a wife,

In every land a home.

He love's to range,

He's nowhere strange ;

He ne'er will turn his back,

To friend or foe ;

No, masters, no !

My life for honest Jack.

Chorus. He loves to range, &c.

If saucy foes dare make a noise,

And to the sword appeal ;

We out, and quickly learn 'em, boys,

With whom they have todeal.

THOMAS AND SALLY: OR,

We know no craft, but 'fore and aft,
Lay on our strokes amain ;
Then if they're stout, for t'other bout,
We drub 'em o'er again.

Chorus. We know no craft, &c.

Or fair or foul, let Fortune blow,
Our hearts are never dull ;
The pocket that to-day ebbs low,
To-morrow shall be full :
Fer if so be, we want, d'ye see,
A pluck of this here stuff ;
In India, and America,
We're sure to find enough.

Chorus. For if so be, &c.

Then bless the king, and bless the state,
And bless our captains all ;
And ne'er may chance unfortunate,
The British fleet befall ;
But prosp'rous gales, where'er she sails ;
And ever may she ride,
Of sea and shore, till time's no more,
The terror and the pride.

Chorus. But prosp'rous gales, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Squire and Dorcas.

Sq. In vain I've ev'ry wily art essay'd,
Nor promises can tempt, nor vows persuade ;
No prospect of success is left me now :
How shall I gain her ?——

Dor.——Why, I'll tell you how.

This way she comes ; the wench is full of pride ;
Lay oaths, and vows, and promises aside ;
Often, when regular approaches fail,
Besiegers storm a place, and so prevail.

All you who wou'd wish to succeed with a lass,
Learn how the affair's to be done ;
For if you stand fooling, and shy, like an ass,
You'll lose her as sure as a gun.

With whining, and sighing, and Vows, and all that,
As far as you please you may run ;
She'll hear you, and jeer you, and give you a pat,
But jilt you, as sure as a gun.

To worship, and call her bright goddess, is fine :

But mark you the consequence, mun ;
The baggage will think herself really divine,
And scorn you, as sure as a gun.

Then be with a maiden, bold, frolic, and stout,
And no opportunity shun :

She'll tell you she hates you, and swear she'll cry out :
But mum——she's as sure as a gun. [Exeunt.

Enter Sally, with a milking pail.

Sal. How cruel those who, with ungenerous aim,
Strive to seduce and bring poor maids to shame !
That brutish Squire ! but wherefore should I fear ?
I ne'er can turn false hearted to my dear :
No ; when he came his last farewell to take,
He bid me wear this token for his sake.
He shall not prove me fickle and unkind ;
Or say, that—out of sight was out of mind.

Auspicious spirits ! guard my love,
In time of danger near him bide ;
With outspread wings around him move,
And turn each random ball aside.

And you his foes, though hearts of steel,
Oh, may you then with me accord ;
A sympathetic passion feel,
Behold his face, and drop the sword.

Ye winds, your blust'ring fury leave ;
Like airs that o'er the garden sweep,
Breathe soft in sighs, and gently heave
The calm smooth bosom of the deep :

Till halcyon peace return'd, once more,
From blasts secure and hostile harms,
My sailor views his native shore,
And harbours safe in those fond arms.

Enter Squire.

Sq. Well met, pretty maid—
Nay, don't be afraid ;
I mean you no mischief, I vow :
Psha ! what is't you ail ?
Come. give me your pail,
And I'll carry it up to your cow.

Sal. Pray, let it alone ;
 I've hands of my own,
 Nor need yours to help me—forebear !
 How can you persist ?
 I won't, Sir, be kiss'd,
 Nor teaz'd thus—go trifle elsewhere.

Sq. In yon lonely grove
 I saw an alcove,
 All round the sweet violets springs ;
 And there was a thrush
 Hard by in a bush,
 'Twould charm you to hear how he sings.

Sal. But hark ! prithee, hark !
 Look, yonder's a lark !
 It warbles and pleases me so,
 To hear the soft tale
 O' th' sweet nightingale,
 I wou'd not be tempted to go.

Sq. Then here we'll sit down ;
 Come, come, never frown !
 No longer my blifs I'll retard :
 Kind Venus shall spread
 Her veil over head,
 And the little rogue Cupid keep guard.

Enter Thomas.

Tho. What's this I see ? May I believe my eyes ?
 A pirate just about to board my prize !
 'Tis well ! this way chanc'd my course to steer.
Sal, what's the matter ?——

Sal. —Thomas !——

Sq. —'Sdeath, who's here ?
 Fellow, be gone, or——

Tho.—Learn your phrase to mend :
 Do you sheer off, or else I'll make you, friend.
 Let go the wench ; I claim her for my share ;
 And now lay hands upon her—if you dare.

Sq. Saucy rascal, this intrusion
You shall answer to your cost :
Bully'd—scandaliz'd—confusion !
All my schemes and wishes rofs'd.

Tho. Hark you, master, keep your distance ;
'Sblood, take notice what I say :
There's the channel, no resistance ;
Tack about and bear away.

Sal. Wou'd you wrest our freedom from us ?
Now my heart has lost its fear :
Oh, my best, my dearest Thomas !
Sure some angel brought you here.

Sq. Since her paltry inclination
Stoops to such a thing as you ;
Thus I make a recantation,—
Wretched, foolish girl, adieu ! [Exit.

Sal. Oh, welcome, welcome ! How shall I impart
The joy this happy meeting gives my heart ?
Now, Tom, in safety stay at home with me,
And never trust again that treach'rous sea.

Tho. Excuse me, Sal ; while mighty George has foes,
On land and main their malice I'll oppose.
But hang this talking, my desires are keen ;
You see yon steeple, and know what I mean.

Let fops pretend in flames to melt,
And talk of pangs they never felt ;
I speak without disguise or art,
And with my hand bestow my heart.

Sal. Let ladies prudishly deny,
Look cold, and give their thoughts the lie ;
I own the passion in my breast,
And long to make my lover blest.

Tho. For this, the sailor on the mast
Endures the cold and cutting blast ;
All dripping wet, wears out the night,
And braves the fury of the fight.

Sal.

Sal. For this the virgin pines and fighs,
With throbbing heart and streaming eyes;
Till sweet reverse of joy she proves,
And clasps the faithful lad she loves.

Both. Ye British youths, be brave; you'll find
The British virgins will be kind:
Protect their beauty from alarms,
And they'll repay you with its charms.

THE END.

THE ROMP.

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT;

AS ALTERED FROM

LOVE IN THE CITY,

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

TAKEN FROM THE

MANAGER'S BOOK,

AT THE

Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.

L O N D O N:

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRURY-LANE.

M E N.

Young Cockney	—	Mr. Dodd.
Barnacle	—	Mr. Suett.
Old Cockney	—	Mr. Fawcet.
Captain Sightly	—	Mr. Barrymore.

W O M E N.

Priscilla Tomboy	—	Mrs. Jordan.
Penelope	—	Miss Stageldoir.
Miss La Blond	—	Miss Barnes.

A Negro Girl, and other Attendants.

THE ROMP.

ROMP

SCENE, a grocer's shop. Young Cockney writing, and men weighing tea, &c. Priscilla and Penelope at work.

C H O R U S.

HAIL, London! noblest mart on earth,
Unrival'd still in commerce reign;
Whence riches, honours, arts, have birth,
And industry ne'er toils in vain.

Y. Cock. [*comes forward.*] Come, pray ladies, go somewhere else with your work: is not there the parlour for you, but you must bring your litter into the shop?—Who do you think can come into the shop, when you take up the room in this way?

Pen. I wish, brother, you would let us alone.

Pris. Ay! mind your figs, and your raisins, and your brown sugar, and let us alone, will you?—Now, Miss Penny, if you'll go in for your work-basket, we will take out the canvass, and begin the flowers immediately.

Y. Cock. Come, Miss Prissy, get off that stool—I want to put it behind the counter.

Pris. I won't give it you.

Y. Cock. If you won't, Miss, I'll call my papa, and see what he'll say to you.

Pris. There, take your stool, you nasty, ugly, conceited, ill-natured——— [*Throws it at him.*]

Y. Cock. Look there now, did you ever see any thing so unmannerly? Miss Prissy, I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself; but this is the breeding you got in the plantations—You know you was turn'd out of Hackney boarding-school, for beating the governess, and knocking down the dancing-master—I believe you think you have got among your blackamoors; but you are not got among your blackamoors now, Miss.

Pris. Indeed, Miss Penny, it is very hard he should invent such stories of me. If you believe me, I never touch'd the governess in all my life.

Pen. Upon my word, I wish you two would never come together; you are always fighting and squabbling.

Y. Cock. Then why does she play such tricks?

Pris. Then why do you ever come near me? I neither love you nor like you; nor never shall, that's more: I have told you so a hundred times. [*ready.*]

Pen. I swear one would think you husband and wife al-

Pris. I his wife! I would as lief be married to the old cloaths-man; indeed I should not like to be call'd Mrs. Cockney.

Y. Cock. Why not? Mrs. Cockney is as good a name as Miss Tomboy, I hope.

Pris. No, it is not as good a name.

Y. Cock. Yes, it is; but that's not as you please—that's as my uncle Barnacle pleases. He is to be in town to-day, I can tell you that for your comfort; and see what he'll say to you about the boarding-school.

Pris. I don't care for him, nor you, nor the boarding-school neither.

Y. Cock. There, by Gog and Magog, she says she does not care for my uncle Barnacle. By Jove, there's a rod in pickle for you, Miss!

Pris. I tell you what, Master Watty, if you say much more, o'cod I'll throw something at you.

Pen. Nay, nay, kifs and friends.

Pris. I won't kifs him—I would spit in his face first.

Pen. Prithee, prithee—

Pris. I will not, Miss Penny: he never lets me alone: But I'll tell his uncle Barnacle of him; and if he's not well thump'd for his impudence, I won't stay in the house, that's what I won't.

Y. Cock. Look there again now—Well, 'tis all over then; I wont say nothing no more—See how she frowns—Lord, there's no such thing as jesting with you.—I was not in earnest—I was not, upon my honour and credit.

Come, Miss Prissy, deal sincerely,

Faith and troth I love you dearly:

Piha! nay, never look so queerly,

But at once let's kifs and friends.

For the future we'll endeavour

To deserve each other's favour,

Zooks, thake hands; why now that's clever,

And here all our quarrel ends. [Ex. *Y. Cock.* and *Pen.*

Pris. Quasheba, Quasheba! bring down my work.—
[Enter *Quasheba.*]—Why don't you make haste?

Quash. Yes, Missy; here, Missy. [Lets the work-bag fall.

Pris. See how she lets it fall—Take it up again—
Here, thread my needle—Where are you going now?—
Stand behind my back.

Ye maidens all, come listen to my ditty,

And ponder well the words which I shall say;

A damsel once there dwelt in London city,

Whose tender heart a young man stole away.

Her guardian cross, would fain have made her marry

A grocer's prentice living in Cheapside;

But he with her his point could never carry,

For sooner than consent she would have died.

Ye maidens, by this damsel take example,
And never fickle nor false-hearted prove;
Nor let old folks on your affections trample,—
For what's the world, compar'd to one's true love?

Enter Penelope.

Pen. I observe you are always singing that song. Prithce, where could you pick up such stuff? It seems to be a great favourite of yours.

Pris. Why so it is; for what do you think? I made it myself: I did upon my—

Pen. Oh, fie, Miss! don't swear.

Pris. Lord, you are mighty precize—Quasheba, get out—I want to talk with Miss Penny alone—no, stay, come back, I will speak before her—But, if ever I hear, huffy, that you mention a word of what I am going to say, to any one else in the house, I will have you horse-whipp'd till there is not a bit of flesh left on your bones.

Pen. Oh, poor creature!

Pris. Psha! what, she is but a neger:—If she was at home in our plantations, she would find the difference; we make no account of them there at all. If I had a fancy for one of their skins, I should not think much of taking it.

Pen. I suppose then you imagine they have no feeling?

Pris. Oh, we never consider that there—But I say, Miss Penny, I have a secret to tell you—I hate your brother worse than poison. I know very well your uncle Barnacle has a mind to marry me to him; but if he is left my guardian, and I am sent over to London for my education, I don't see any right he has to chuse me a husband though.

Pen. And pray, what is your dislike in my brother?

Pris. Why, I don't know; I don't like him at all—there's nothing gay or agreeable in him; besides you know he will be but a grocer; and why should I marry a tradesman, when I can have a gentleman?

Pen. Can you?

Pris. Yes, faith, can I; and one of the sweetest, prettiest gentleman you ever set your two good looking eyes on;—quite another thing from your brother;—with a fine bag and sword.—I dare sware the lace of his coat alone would burn to a matter of two guineas.

Pris. And pray, what is this gentleman?

Pris. You saw him once; yes, you did. Don't you remember the young captain that came into Miss La Blond's shop the other day, when you were buying your pampadour and green ribbons; and I ask'd you if you did not think him a handsome man? and you said you did. Don't you remember?

Pen.

THE ROMP.

Pen. I believe I remember something of it.

Pris. Well, I got acquainted with him there; and now the whole affair is settled between us, and we are to be married immediately.

Pen. This is a secret indeed.

Pris. Ay, and I can tell you a secret about you too— You are to be married to some very great lord your cousin Molly has got acquainted with at the other end of the town. But shall I tell you now, who I hate as bad as your brother?—I hate your cousin Molly Cockney, with her conceit and her hoarse voice—She's always at me, “Mifs, hold up your head—Mifs, that is not polite—Mifs, don't lollop.”—Ecod, last Sunday, if we had not been in church, I would have hit her a slap in the face.

Pen. Well, but my dear, how are you to marry this gentleman?—You don't design to run away with him?

Pris. No, I don't; I have written a letter to him to let him know my guardian will be in town to-day; and I have desired him to come here, and propose for me.

Pen. I am sure my uncle will not consent.

Pris. Why then, I will run away with him—I don't think, Mifs Penny, but if he was to stand with his arms open to receive me, but what I could leap out of the two pair of stairs window, without being hurt the least bit—Besides, I would not marry your brother on another account—There is poor Mifs La Blond, the millener, over the way; he has been courting her a matter of a twelve-month, and though she's come of French distraction, there is not a more friendlier girl this day in all England.

Pen. Well, once more, I say, take care of my uncle.

Pris. Mifs Penny, it does not signify talking to me;—I am neither in leading strings nor hanging sleeves; and I don't want him to leave me any thing; and why should not I please myself? and, what's more, I will too.

Perhaps he may take it in dagdeon;
So let him—the peevish curmudgeon:

Egad, if you mind me,
As stout you shall find me,
As he is bluff.

The Captain has won my heart,
And who shall my humour thwart?
I like him, and love him;
And since I approve him,
I'll have him, and that's enough.

I'm sick when I think of your brother!
And was there on earth ne'er another,
He should not my mind subdue:

To wed him they may force me,
But then he'll soon divorce me,
For faith he shall sing cuckoo.

Perhaps he may, &c

[Exit.

Enter Young Cockney and Barnacle, meeting Old Cockney.

Y. Cock. O la, papa! here's my uncle Barnacle.

O. Cock. Odso!—is he indeed?—Brother, you are welcome to town. Son Walter, run in, and desire your uncle's chamber to be got ready directly.

Barn. Stay, hold, young man—Who do you belong to?

Y. Cock. La! why, don't you know me uncle? I am your nephew.

O. Cock. Ay—don't you know Watty—my son Walter?

Barn. Why, this is not your son Walter?

Y. Cock. Yes, but I am, upon my honour and credit, uncle.

Barn. Upon your honour, firrah!—And who told you you had any honour?—What has a shopkeeper to do with honour?—I had no honour when I was a shopkeeper.—I knew you were always a conceited, idle young rascal—But who taught you to swear, and put all that flour and suet on your head?

Y. Cock. O Lord, uncle, don't spoil my hair.

O. Cock. Don't, brother, don't—he's going among young ladies.

Barn. He's going to the devil—but you had better not provoke me, brother Nic Cockney, you had better not provoke me—I desire he may go and take off that coat and waistcoat directly.

O. Cock. Well, well, he shall—don't be in a passion—Step in, child, and take off your things, do—there's a good boy.

Y. Cock. La, papa! upon my honour——

Barn. Again, firrah!—Bring his every day cloaths and his fustian sleeves here into the shop—I will have him strip before my face!

O. Cock. Go, child, do as your uncle bids you.

Barn. Upon his honour, indeed!—Why, Nic, I hear you are going to set up your coach, and marry your daughter to I don't know who.—Trades-people are out of their senses now-a-days;—no sooner are they a little above the world, but they must have town-house and country-house; every night running junketing to gardens and play-houses; and, in a year or two, there is eighteen-pence in the pound for their creditors.

Enter Young Cockney, with an apron on.

Y. Cock. Well, now, uncle:

Barn. Ay, now you are something like—but why a ruf-
fled

fled shirt?—I never wore a ruffled shirt but on a Sunday—and, come here—what's that I see at your knees, a pair of paste-buckles? Why, firrah, you must rob the till, or go upon the high-way, for all this—Give me them out directly—I will have them. [*Young Cockney delivers them up.*]

Y. Cock. But you'll let me have them again, I hope.

Barn. No, I won't—and now let his frippery be sold at Rag-Fair—I shou'd like to see it swinging under an old-cloaths-man's penthouse. [*Exit Old Cockney.*]

Y. Cock. Pray, uncle, give me my buckles.

Barn. I will not, firrah!—and look at yonder door—how can you expect to have customers come into the shop, while you keep your door in such condition?—When I was 'prentice, the first thing I did every morning was to scrape the door—Here, Richard, have you never a shovel in the house?—Give him a shovel.—[*Servant brings a shovel.*.]—There, firrah, take this shovel, go to work;—and, when I come out again, let me see the steps clean enough to dine upon.

You silly old afs,

To come to this pass:

At fifty your follies begin you!

Art mad, or in drink?

For my part, I think

The devil himself is got in you!

And you, master fop,

Go stick to your shop,

And shew yourself handy and willing;

Or else, do you see,

Take this much from me,

I'll cut you both off with a shilling:

[*Exit.*]

Y. Cock. I won't scrape the door; I wish I may be burn'd if I do—Here, Richard, give that shovel to the porter, and let him do it—To be set out in this trim before every body!—But I will get my coat and waistcoat again, that I will, and put them on in spite of him.—My father expects he will leave us something in his will, and so he bears with him: but he shall not make a fool of me; no, no, I am too wise for that. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, *Cockney's house.* Enter *Penelope and Miss La Blond.*

Pen. Now, my dear, you will not fail to let me have those things in a couple of hours: for we expect our company early in the evening—And prithee, let me see you sometimes. Where was you on Sunday? We were in expectation all that day, that you would have slepp'd over to us.

La Blond. And, upon my word, so I intended—but in the morning I went to the gallery at St. James's to see the

T H E R O M P.

the court go to chapel; for we were obliged to get a pattern of one of her Majesty's caps for Mrs. Iscaiot, a Jew gentlewoman, that lives upon Fish-street-hill—In the evening, Ensign Scald, of the Middlesex militia, took sister Sukey and I to the Dog and Duck, and coming home, we called for a little fun in at the Quaker's meeting.

Pen. But, pray, my dear, let me ask you—Is there not some coldness between you and my brother of late?

La Blond. O la, Miss Penny! as if you did not know; Master Watty has not put his foot into our shop these six weeks.

Pen. Upon my word, this is the first I have heard of it.

La Blond. However, Miss Penny, it is not that vexes me, but his rudeness when he meets one in a public place—The other night at Mile-end assembly, he took no more notice of me than if I had been a dog—I don't know that he had any reason to be ashamed of my company—I was there with Miss Flybow, a great butcher's daughter, in Newgate-market; I'm sure she'll have a matter of six thousand pounds to her fortune, and we came in Mr. Deputy Damp-
lin's own chariot, that waited for us all the while.

Enter Young Cockney.

Y. Cock. Sister, they want the key of the beaufet, to get the spoons and the silver candlesticks.

Pen. Oh! brother! come here. How is it you have affronted Miss La Blond? She tells me, you have behaved very ill to her.

Y. Cock. Who, I behave ill to her! Lord, Miss La Blond, I wonder how you can sit on a body so! I'll be judged by any body in the world; I am sure I have not spoke a civil word to her, I don't know the day when.

Pen. Well, and more shame for you.

La Blond. Oh! pray don't scold him, Miss Penny; Master Watty may speak or let it alone, just as he pleases. But perhaps, Sir, you think I don't know the reason of all this—There's a West-Indian fortune in the house—I am below your notice now—but, believe me, you are every bit as much below mine.

[*Exit.*

Y. Cock. Do you know, sister Penny, that she has given it out all over the town, that I am sworn to her on a book; and, if I am, it won't hold good in law, for it was only Robinson Crusoe.

Enter Old Cockney, a maid servant, and Priscilla.

O. Cock. Come, Margery, let us see how you have settled the things for the company—have you dusted well and

swept—no cobwebs, nor flut's corners—Have you put candles in all the sconces? Come, Penny, child, go into the next room, and help the maid to set out the silver coffee-pot, and best suit of burnt china on the tea-table.

[*Exit Penny and maid.*]

Y. Cock. When we begin to dance, papa, who shall I take out for a partner?

O. Cock. Let me consider——

Pris. Miss La Blond, to be sure.

O. Cock. Miss Muzzy, Deputy Muzzy's daughter, child; she is a very great fortune. But I must go and order card-tables in the next room. [*Exit.*]

Pris. O Lord, Watty, see here if I have not tore my gown.

Y. Cock. I am glad of it.

Pris. And why are you glad of it?

Y. Cock. Because I am. Who sent for you up stairs?

Pris. Why, your uncle Barnacle desired me to come up.

Y. Cock. My uncle Barnacle! I do not believe it.

Pris. I am sure but he did though; he called a bit agone at the shop, and said he'd be here presently.

Y. Cock. Well, if you dine with us, you shall not stay in the evening to dance.

Pris. I will, if I like it.

Y. Cock. You shan't, Miss.

Pris. Master Watty, why don't you go to see poor Miss La Blond? The folks say, she is going mad for love of you; I am sure, you ought to marry her.

Y. Cock. I am sure, I won't, though—I would let her go to Bedlam first.

Pris. Ecod I believe she is only making game. [*Runs off.*]

Y. Cock. I'm determined she shall not dance to-night, for her assurance; I will go this moment, and tell my papa of her, that I will. [*Exit.*]

Enter Barnacle and Sighly.

Barn. Business with me, Sir! Well, Sir, come this way, and let me hear it; I don't know that I ever saw your face before.

Sight. I don't believe you ever did, Sir; but if you will have patience——

Barn. And suppose I don't chuse to have patience, are you to give me laws in my own house? No dragooning here, good Captain; you are in the city of London, Sir; we are not to be put under military execution here.

Sight. Sir, I don't understand you.

Barn.

Barn. None of your rudeness to me, Sir—I have been understood by your betters ; but I suppose you are disbanded, and want to raise money upon your half-pay—Well, I won't deal with you—I have lost money enough already by the army—I have a note of hand by me from one of your captains, for four pounds ten shillings and sixpence.

Sight. But, Sir, my business is of a very different nature—There is a young lady, who, I understand is under your care ; and, if you please to read that letter—

Barn. Ha ! ha ! ha ! a letter from the young lady herself, to you, I suppose, Sir ; desiring you to come and ask my consent to marry her ?—So then you are a fortune-hunter—What servant-maid in the neighbourhood now have you been getting intelligence from about this girl and her money ? And, if you succeed, how much commission, how much brokerage ?

Sight. Sir, I am a gentleman.

Barn. Well, Sir, and what then, Sir ?—Have you got any money in the funds, Captain ? My father was a pin-maker, and I have forty thousand pounds there.

Sight. Sir, I must tell you—

Barn. And, Sir, I must tell you—What, I suppose, because fighting is your trade, you come *vi et armis* to cut my throat. If that's the case, I must call for assistance Here, John ! Thomas ! Richard !

Sight. Upon my word, Mr. Barnacle—

Barn. Well, and upon my word too—Sir, I believe, my word will go as far as yours, if you go to that. What do you come to affront me in my own house ?—Do you know, Sir, that you have treated me with great ill manners ? Damn me, if ever I was so abused in my life.—The first people in the kingdom have come cap in hand to me—And shall a puppy—

Sight. Puppy ! Sir—

Look you, Sir, your years protect you,

No vain terrors need affect you,

Scorn alone from me you'll meet :

But in pity I advise you,

Lest another should chastise you,

Learn with gentlemen to treat.

Lor the lady, free she chose me ;

Neither brib'd, nor forc'd her voice ;

And, however you oppose me,

Know, I dare maintain her choice.

[Exit.

Enter Young Cockney.

Barn. This is an incendiary ; we shall have an ill-spent letter

letter to-morrow, or next day, thrown into the airy, threatening to burn the house. Here, Walter, call that fellow back.

T. Cock. Call that fellow back.

Barn. Call him back yourself.

T. Cock. Captain, Captain! come back, come back?

Re-enter Sighly.

Sight. Well, what do you want?

T. Cock. My uncle wants to speak to you.

Barn. Bid Priscilla Tomboy come hither.

T. Cock. Bid Priscilla Tomboy come hither.

Enter Priscilla and Penelope.

Barn. I'll put an end to this affair directly.—Captain, if you please, I want to speak with you again one moment. Come here, Miss Plissy, did you ever see this young gentleman before?

Pris. Yes, to be sure I did.

Barn. Well, but you never wrote to him, did you?

Pris. Yes, but I did though.

Barn. And where did you get acquainted with him, mistress?

Pris. Why, if you must know, I got acquainted with him at a friend's house.

Barn. A friend's house! A friend of yours indeed?

Pris. Yes, a friend of mine—and he is my choice; and, if you do not give your consent, why I will marry him without it.

Barn. Fetch me the key of the back-garret.

Pris. I know what you are going to do; you are going to lock me up; but I don't care. [*Cries*

Sight. Pray, Sir, do not use the young lady ill on my account.

Barn. Sirrah, leave the house this minute,
Or I'll send to my Lord Mayor.

Sight. Sir, I want not to stay in it;
Wherefore do you rave and stare?

Pris. You may lock me up in prison:
But I mind not that a straw;

T. Cock. Her'n the fault is more than his'n,
Pris. Uncle, brother, pray withdraw.

Barn. To bring up a romp's the devil.

Sight. } Did your ever see the like?
Pris. }

Barn. Captain, pray, Sir, be so civil:

T. Cock. Hold, Sir, hold, you must not strike.

Barn. Life and death I'm out of patience,
And I will at nothing stick;

So niece, nephew, ward, relations,

'Gad I'll play you all a trick.

Y. Cock. } Stick at nothing! pray, Sir, tarry;

Pen. } What is it you mean to do?

Barn. 'Sblood, you dog, you slut, I'll marry a

Pen. Marry!

Y. Cock. Marry!

Pris. You, Sir!

Sight. You!

Barn. Yes, I'll take a wife and fling you,

Take a wife, and get an heir;

Alb. { Heaven to your senses bring you:

Ah, dear uncle! have a care.

ACT II. SCENE, a garden behind Cockney's house.

Priscilla takes a letter from her pocket; La Blond following.

Pris. **H**ERE, this way—Come into the yard here—I am afraid to speak or move in the house, I am watched—Here is a letter for the Captain—you will make apologies about my writing, because the lines are a little crooked—excuse my spelling too, and if he cannot make out all the words, do you help him.

La Blond. Never fear, I shall take it to his lodgings myself; but it seems your guardian did not behave well to him this morning; Master Watty too was unmannerly, and he swears vengeance against him.

Pris. With all my heart—Let him beat him while he is able to stand over him; but there is a rare bustle within. The old man swears that Watty shall not have me now, and he is going to send me back to the West-Indies directly—He is, faith—He is gone to Deptford to speak to a captain of a ship; but I will not go back to the West-Indies for him. And what do you think I have done?—I have persuaded Watty that my love for the Captain, and my writing to him, was all only a sham.

La Blond. A sham! How could you do that?

Pris. O, very easily, by flattering him up;—by telling him he is a pretty young man, and has handsome legs, you may make him believe any thing.

La Blond. Well, Miss Prissy, I am sure I wish to see you happy with all my heart; but I am not unacquainted with the family of the Cockneys; and, believe me, if they did not know you to be a young lady of a very large fortune, they would not make such a fuss about you as they do.

Pris. O, I know that well enough—They are as frightened as the vengeance now about my going to Jamaica, because they think they shall lose my money. So I have told Watty, that if he can manage it, I will go off with him to

Scotland to-night, where they say folks may be married spite of any one.

La Blond. Go off with him to Scotland !

Pris. There, now she is jealous—Hush ! speak softly. it is agreed between us, that we are to go out together soon as it is dark. Don't you think that the Captain could hit upon some contrivance to meet us in the street, and take me from Watty ? He shall not have much trouble, for, even I will be willing enough to go ; and if he does but bluster and swear a little, poor Watty will be afraid to say a word.

La Blond. Take you from him !

Pris. Why 'tis the only way to get me ; if it is not done to-night, it's odds but the old man will send me off to-morrow.

La Blond. Let me consider a little.

Pris. What are you thinking off, Miss La Blond ?

La Blond. Why, look you, Miss Prissy, this is a very serious affair, and should be well weighed before any thing done in it. But I will go with your letter to the Captain.

Pris. Ay, do, my dear, and when I am married to the Captain, you may have Watty yourself, if you like it ; and I dare say, one day or other he will be an alderman.—But, stay, let me go this way, and do you go that ; for they see us together, they may suspect. Miss La Blond, desire the Captain to bring his servant along with him ; and tell him, if he is a good fellow, he shall, when I am married to his master, have as much rum as ever he can drink for nothing.

[Exit Miss La Blond]

Enter Young Cockney.

Y. Cock. Miss Prissy, Miss Prissy, I want to speak to you.

Pris. Well, what do you want ?

Y. Cock. Why, Miss Prissy, I have been thinking of what you were saying to me ; and, if I was sure you would not return to any of your own tricks——

Pris. Why, to be sure, Master Watty, I have been a very sad girl, and I do not deserve that you should have any kindness for me.

Y. Cock. Perhaps, Miss Prissy, you think I cannot get a wife. There is a widow gentlewoman, worth a matter of forty thousand pounds ; her husband was a great sugar-baker in Ratcliff Highway ; and, if I would marry her, she would settle every farthing she is worth upon me.

Pris. Indeed, I do not doubt it.

Y. Cock. But you are for an officer, it seems, and I don't see that they are a bit cleverer than other people. I believe, I have been reckoned as genteel as any of them ; besides,

what

what is a little outside shew ? If you had a mind to go to Scotland with this here Captain, now it's odds if he could find money to pay for a post-chay.

Pris. I don't care for the Captain ; I wish you would not mention him at all—I am ashamed when ever I think of him.

Y. Cock. And so you ought, Miss.

Pris. I know I ought, but I was bewitched, I am sure I have been crying about it like any thing ; only see, Watty, how red my eyes are.

Y. Cock. Ah ! fudge ! that is no crying, you have been putting an innion to them.—But, I say, if you get yourself ready, I will go along with you as soon as it is dusk—Don't you think these cloaths become me, Miss Prissy ? I have a mind to take them along with us.

Pris. You look very jemmy in them, I am sure.

Y. Cock. Why I think they shew the fall of my shoulders ; I have a very fine fall in my shoulders ; have not I, Miss Prissy ?

Pris. Yes, indeed have you ?

Y. Cock. Well, but there's one thing as perhaps you did not know, if you marry without my uncle's consent, you are not to have no fortune ; so that I am taking you hap at a hazard ; and if he should not forgive us afterwards, I shall have you to maintain ; which will be very hard upon me.

Pris. Oh ! but he will forgive us ; besides, if you go with me to Jamaica, I'll raise the negers for us—'tis only beating them well, giving them a few yams, and they'll do any thing you bid them.

Y. Cock. Well, we cannot go yet ; but you may prepare yourself, while I step in. Miss Prissy, don't you think our going off will be in the news-papers ?—We hear that a great Vest-Indian fortune has lately eloped with the son of an imminent grocer in the city—and when we come back, Lord ! I warrant there will be noise enough made about us.

[Exit.]

Pris. Quasheba ! Quasheba ! Quasheba !

Quash. What, Missy ?

Pris. Throw out my hat and my shawl : I will be ready in a minute ; he shall not wait for me, I warrant him—How purely I have managed it. If the Captain does but meet us now—Watty thinks, as sure as any thing, I will go off with him—He is the greatest fool that I ever knew—But suppose the Captain does not meet us, must I go off with Watty ?—Ecod, I will not—I will bawl out in the street, and say he is running away with me—Let me see now, have I got all my thiogs ? have I forgot nothing ?

Dear

Dear me, how I long to be married,
And in my own coach to be carried;

Beside me to see,
How charming 'twill be!
My husband, and, may be,
A sweet little baby,
As pretty as he.
Already I hear
Its tongue in my ear:
Papa, papa!
Mama, mama!
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Oh, gracious! what calling,
What stamping, what bawling,
When first I am miss'd by the clan!
Miss Molly will chatter,
Old Square Toes will clatter,
But catch me again if they can.

Dear me, how I long, &c.

[Exit.

SCENE, Ludgate-Hill. Enter Slightly and Miss La Blond.

La Blond. Captain Slightly! Mercy on us, how you frighten'd me!

Sight. Well, you see I am a true soldier, at my post and ready to engage. Her letter mentions the Bell-Savage-Inn—If so, we cannot be better stationed than here?

La Blond. But I say, Captain, when you have got Miss Tomboy, where do you think to take her?

Sight. To Scotland directly, my girl.

La Blond. No, no, that will never do—She shall go and lie at my aunt's to-night; and in the morning I am certain we will hit upon a plan to get Mr. Barnacle's consent to your marriage.

Sight. Well, my dear, I will leave every thing to you; I am sure I cannot be in more trusty hands.

La Blond. Hush, hush, I hear them coming: hide yourself for a few minutes.

[They retire.

Enter Young Cockney and Priscilla.

Pris. La, Master Watty—you hurry so fast—I vow I must stop and rest myself, so I must; I am as tired as any thing.

Y. Cock. Why would you not let me call a hackney coach then? But I tell you it will be dark presently, and we shall meet some highwaymen on the road near London.

Pris. Well, stay a moment then, till I tie my swash.

Y. Cock. Well then, tie your swash.

Pris. It was you that was so long before you came out—Oh, la! there are two great big men standing at yonder corner—I won't go any farther, Masty Watty.

Y. Cock.

Y. Cock. What's the matter with you, Miss Prissy? La, you frighten me out of my wits.

Pris. Master Watty, just step to that corner, and see if they are gone. Never fear, I won't leave you.

[*Priscilla gives Young Cockney the end of her shawl to hold, and while he is looking another way, she runs off with Captain Sightly.*]

Y. Cock. If ever I knew the like of you! There's no danger; come along. [*Discovers the trick and runs after them.*]

SCENE, a room at Miss La Blond's aunt's house. Enter Captain Sightly, Priscilla, and Miss La Blond. The Captain fastens the door.

Y. Cock. [*at the outside of the door.*] Miss Prissy, I know very well you are here; I saw you with your Captain—I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself, Miss La Blond, to encourage a young lady to run away from her friends.

Sight. What the devil shall we do now?

Pris. [*to the Captain.*] Say I am not here.

Sight. I tell you, Sir, she is not here.

Pris. I tell you, Sir, she is not——

Y. Cock. Ah, ah! I see you, Miss, through the key-hole.

Sight. What shall we do?

Pris. Let him in, who's afraid?——Come in, Master Watty, who cares for you? [*She lets him in.*]

Y. Cock. And who cares for you—Will you come home, Miss Prissy?

Pris. No I won't——I wish, Master Watty, you would make yourself scarce.

Y. Cock. Well, Miss, you will be made to repent of this.

Pris. Get you gone, you nasty thing, you!

Do you think I care for you?

Y. Cock. I'll go, and shortly bring you
Those shall make you dearly rue.
And to you, Sir, I'll bring two, Sir.

Sight. } Who, Sir? who, Sir? who?

Pris. }
Y. Cock. Never mind, no matter who.

Sight. If that here you longer tarry,
You may chance away to carry
That you will not like to bear.

Pris. You'll well be beaten.

Y. Cock. What! you threaten!

Pris. Captain, draw your sword and swear,

Sight. 'Sblood and thunder! *La Blond.* Keep asunder!

Y. Cock. Let him touch me if he dare.

Pris. Master Watt—I'll tell you what,
Home you had much better trot.

Y. Cock.

Y. Cock. Will you go with me, or not ?

Prif. Trot, Watt, I will not.

Get you gone, you nasty thing, &c.

[*Priscilla puts herself in a boxing attitude, and beats Young Cockney off.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Cockney's house* Enter *Barn. Y. Cock. and Pen.*

Barn. I say I will not see her—let her go from whence she came—I shall write her friends in Jamaica word, by the next packet, that I was not strong enough to hold her, and that when I was on the eve of sending her back to them, she ran away from me, with a young fellow that nobody knows.

Y. Cock. Do so, uncle ; and I wonder she has the impudence to come back, after staying out all night.

Barn. And, I wonder, firrah, you dare have the impudence to take her out, when I ordered her to keep her room : it is all-your doings.

Pen. Well, pray, dear Sir, let me prevail upon you to see her, and hear what she can say for herself.

Y. Cock. She can say nothing for herself, sister Penny ; and I believe Miss La Blond was concerned along with them, however fair she may carry it.

Pen. Well, uncle, will you condescend to see this mad girl ?

Barn. Where is she ?

Pen. Above, in my chamber ; she is afraid to come down without your permission, she seems really sorry for what she has done, and perhaps things may not be so bad as they appear.

Y. Cock. O, I warrant they are bad enough.

Barn. I'll break your bones, you dog !

Y. Cock. For what ?

Barn. Bid that girl come hither. [*Exit Penelope.*] But here, take this stick ; I will not trust myself near her with it, lest I should do her a mischief. [*Gives his cane to Y. Cockney.*

Enter Priscilla and Penelope.

Barn. Oh ! madam Run-a-way——

Prif. Don't be angry, pray don't, and I'll tell you——

Barn. Hussy, what made you go out last night ?

Prif. Why, it was Master Watty made me ; we were going to Scotland to be married.

Barn. To Scotland ! Oh ! you dog, Walter !

Y. Cock. Well, it was she herself proposed it.

Prif. Suppose I did, you know when I was in the house I never could be at rest for him ; he was always making love to me.

Y. Cock. I make love to her ! I never spoke a civil word to her in all my life.

Barn.

Barn. Hold your tongue, firrah ; but I say, where have you been all night ? let me hear that.

Pris. You'll be angry.

Barn. Tell me the truth.

Pris. Why the gentleman that loves me, the officer that was here yesterday, met me and Master Watty in the street, and so he took me away from him—And—but why did little Watty take me out ?

Barn. Ay, it's very true, it's all your fault, firrah ; but where did he take you ?

Pris. To his lodgings ; for he said he loved me so, he could not live without me ; and if I did not consent to be his wife, he said he would kill himself on the spot.

Barn. Kill himself, you wicked girl !

Pris. I knew you would be in a passion about it.

Barn. Hark you, hussy, I have but one question more to ask you : are you ruined, or not ?

Pris. Oh dear—he, he, he——

Barn. You impudent——

Pris. Little Watty makes me laugh.

Barn. And so you and the gentleman passed for man and wife ?

Pris. Why, I'll assure you, at first I was very much against it, for I said I did not think it was becoming ; and he said he would rather lie in the street than incommode me : and I seeing him so polite, said he should not run the risk of catching cold for the love of me——

Barn. And so you——

Pris. Why, he said he would be civil to me, and I'm sure he'll marry me, for he gave me his promise two or three times.

Barn. Get you gone, hussy !

Pris. I knew now, this would be the way.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Captain Sightly, Sir, desires to speak to you.

Barn. Desire him to walk up.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Pris. Sir, if you please to call to Watty.

Y Cock. Sir, please to speak to Prissy !

Barn. Have done, you couple of devils.

Enter Captain Sightly and Miss Lu Blond.

Barn. Sir, I'm inform'd that your name is Charles Sightly, lieutenant in I know not what regiment of foot ; that you have seduced this girl——

Pris. Well, why don't you say we are married ?

Barn. In a word, Captain, I am inform'd my hopeful ward here has passed the night at your lodgings—Answer me upon your honour ; is it so or not ? for in that case, I must

e'en

e'en give her to you.

Sight. You ask me upon my honour?

Barn. Ay, I do, Sir.

Sight. Then, Sir, I will not give it in a falsehood for my interest: the young lady is perfectly innocent; and this is only a scheme to incline you to consent to our marriage.

Pris. Oh, you fool——

Barn. Hold your tongue, impudence—You are a brave young fellow, I believe, and more deserving of her than my own relation; therefore I give her to you; and let this teach you for the future, to use candour on all occasions.

Pris. Oh, my dear guardian! [*Runs and kisses him.*]

Barn. You spoil my wig—Let me hear no more of you. Hark you, child, [*to Miss La Blond.*] Do you think, if a husband was thrown in your way, old enough to be your father, that old Nic would not tempt you—you understand me?

La Blond. Sir, I think I should make a good wife.

Barn. Say'st thou so, my girl? why then I will marry you myself to-morrow morning—Ladies and gentlemen, you are heartily welcome—Pray salute the young bride and bridegroom: and now let us forget all past bickerings and misunderstandings, and be as merry as music and good cheer can make you.

T. Cook. Hear, city youths, this friendly rhyme,

'Tis worthy well attending;

O go not on, your precious time

In vain delights misspending:

Bucks, bloods, and smarts, reform your ways,

Leave dancing, wenching, gaming, plays;

First get the cash, then cut a slash,

Nor be ashamed of mending.

Sight. I have been naughty, I confess,

But now you need not doubt it,

I mean my follies to redress,

And straight will set about it:

'Tis modest sweetness gives the grace

To birth, to fortune, and to face:

That charm secure, will long endure,

And all is vain without it!

Pris. And now our scenic task is done,

This comes of course, you know, Sirs;

We drop the mask off, every one;

And stand in *plain quo*, Sirs;

Your ancient friends and servants we,

Who humbly wait for your decree;

One gracious smile to crown our toil,

And happy let us go, Sirs.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]